

# Curse of the Nightfury

by kovedg2

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Summary: Sequel to 'Gift from the Dragon'. Summary inside. Rating may change through out story.

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*Curse of the Nightfury\*\***

**\*\*Chapter one.\*\***

**\*\*A. N.\*\*** Hey whats up. Thanks to Toothless Killer, with his help we have made this sequel to "Gift from the dragon." So go and read that first then come back and read this. So give a big thanks to Toothless killer. Reviews are loved!

\* \* \*

><p>Summary: Hiccup has been around for a while, but can he face this unknown enemy that has destroyed his most cherished family. Can Hiccup defeat them while saving himself.<p>

Time. Time, the clock that death holds for every person in existence, the clock that slowly runs down on every life.

Starting with life, ending with death. Some fight it, most fear it, others welcome it.

Everything has its time, to the littlest cell, to the stars above and beyond. It all must end.

But...

What if... that hold... was broken and you no longer had a clock to fallow. No time to fight against. No death to fear... No death to welcome for your own.

What would you do if you had that gift? The gift of never ending life? Would you read books for the rest of eternity, would you party to your heart's content, fight crime and evil-doers though out the ages?

Me? Ha I'm spending it in a bar, dark, dank, musky, and surrounded by other lifeless drunken bodies. Most come here to drink to live, to remember, to be happy. Or to drink to forget, drowned out the memories that once made them happy, regret, what could have been.

I no longer know which I drink for, to remember or to forget? To remember the ones I have lost, too honor their memory. Or to forget all the pain that I have caused though out the centuries. I no longer know.

Though out the centuries none have bothered me as much as this one, I was never truly alone until the 1800s, when I became alone. But there are only two things I drink to, the memory and lose of my closest family. I don't know if it's the memory, or the loss, but... I sure as hell know I'm drinking for revenge.

They were with me from the very start of it all, I chose them and they chose me. With them, though cold, heat, the good and the bad times the world has thrown at us, we were still together. Even if across the world from each other we were never alone, even if we were thousands of miles away from the nearest form of life, never alone.

We have saved the world many times over from threats this generation could hardly even imaging. From giants as big as mountains, to threats as small as an ant but still immensely powerful. To the fastest, smartest, strongest, cunning, and brutal, you name it we've most likely fought and killed it.

We have been in so many wars that school and history books now-a-days never even heard of, we've fought in all of the 'major' World wars. Countries trying to take over the world for themselves, some got close, but we were always victorious. Hitler was the closest mortal to almost do it with modern weaponry.

We fought nearly god like mortals hell bent on making the world theirs, but we have always prevailed relying on one another. But what would happen if that trust became tainted, corrupted?

"Only an immortal can kill an immortal." Those words of my contract which bounds my life never had a hold, no meaning towards me until that day, nearly 200 years ago. When my greatest friend, my family, my love became tainted by a force we had never faced before killed my friend, my allie, my brother in front of me.

My wife had killed my brother with a crazed smile on her face, everything she was, what we had been through, was gone. Her voice had become rough, scratched, she spoke of how if I didn't stop her. Kill her. She would not stop until the world was dead for 'master.'

\_"You'll have to kill me before I kill more!" \_

\_"No! Please, don't do this!"\_

That scene haunts a man who has seen what fate can hold worse than death, it scares the man that no longer fears anything.

\_"Please, we-we can beat, I can make you better!"\_

\_"You know you can't do that." \_

That smile, that darkened, disturbed, pure evil smile, still haunts my dreams to this day.

\_"Please, don't make me!"\_

\_"You have too, you know you are the only one who can." \_

She charged at me, her claws extended, digging into the cement we stood upon. I stood still as she ran towards me, she was going to kill me if I didn't kill her. She got closer still.

\_"Please..." \_

She stopped, and collapsed into my arms. I felt warm liquid run down my wrist, running fast covering half my arm. Tears were running down my face as well. She became weightless in my hands, slowly I retracted my bloodied hand from her abdomen.

I fell to my knees, I held her still in my arms, over and over I said \_"I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!" \_I looked into her eyes, they were hers, the real her was back and dying in my arms, because of me.

She looked happy, she lightly touched my face, whispered \_"It's not your fault. It's not and never will be." \_She held her faint small smile, her smile. \_"Don't. Don't go after her, she is nothing like anything we have faced before. Don't go after her, don't go because of me. Please." \_

I was barely even able to nod, but she smiled though. Her breathing got shallow and slow, \_"We will see each other again. . . I love you, Hiccup."\_

\_"I love\_ \_you too Astrid." I said raising a glass of beer, "To Astrid and Toothless." I cheered to myself knowing no one else was going to know who they were, they died a long before their time, nearly 200 years before anyone in this bar was even thought of.

200 years is a long time to look for someone, for just one person who took what little human life I had left take it away. Countless times I almost found her, hundreds of times, but every lead went cold when I got so close. You want to know what's funny, I don't even know her name! Her age, what she looks like, I don't even know if she is even a she! But as I said 200 years is a long time looking for someone, but you want to know what's longer, 1486 years.

1486 years is how long I've been walking this world, only 200 of them have I been alone.

If anyone asked me what I've been doing with my time of immortality when I'm not doing the work of gods or when I was with Astrid or Toothless, I would have to say hobbies have kept me sane. And what kind of hobbies they would probably ask, I would have to say name every hobby you can think of and I have done it and mastered

it.

Every kind of smithing you can think of, like swords obviously, shields, armor, ninja swords, and every kind of gun, I favor either Glock 36s or Colt 1911's. In my line of work when a sword, claws, or a fire ball aren't good enough, a bullet can go much faster and farther. I've made my own special kind of guns. They look like basic pistols but I crafted some of my soul into it. So my guns will only work for me, it's also much stronger than any other guns like it.

Martial arts from all over the world from Kung fu to karate, from Russia to Japan, every style of martial arts training you can think of I have mastered the impossible, thanks to my contract with gods that allow me to live for whenever time itself ends.

Though out the years I have come to master my own abilities of body and mind. Harnessing my skills as a human and a dragon. My skin is naturally fire proof, but I've gone past that, I've made my skin harder and tougher than steel mix with Kevlar if possible. Only my bullets or claws can make me bleed. So bring it on superman! I'm game!

My mind is unlike any other, I can control other weaker minds, unlock or withhold true potential in one's mind, to make them something or not. I can break minds or restore them and control them as my own.

When time calls for it I can put my mind and body to the body of another, and use them as my puppet, and they don't remember any of it. It's like my body just fades into the one I want or need to control. And in some certain conditions I can read minds and influence ideas if one is weak minded.

In this year of 2012 I would be considered a god among men if I were to show what I could do. How easily I could crush all the wannabes or badasses or 'Bros' as they call themselves now but. . .

"Hey man, you ok?" a raspy voice said close by.

"Huh, wha?" I said springing back into reality.

"You were starrng out into space, I think you had enough to drink tonight. Go home and get some sleep man." The bar tender, Bob as his nametag read, was standing in front of me, collecting by bottles.

"Oh yeah, it is getting pretty late, thanks." I got up and began walking to the door after paying Bob.

"Hey man, you need a cab?" Bob asked grabbing his phone.

"Nah, Im good. Thanks anyway." I said pushing my way through the door.

The night was warm, the streets were empty, my phone read 12:34 am, I had no use for cars, even though I own quite a few. Being a 'contract killer' for a god comes with many rewards. Money, riches beyond anyone's dreams in today's time.

I own many houses, most of them I've gone to only once or twice if I'm in that area. But I've been staying in a city of LA. It's not a quiet place but it keeps me at least entertained.

\*CRASH\* The sound of yelling and trash cans being thrown around echoed off the buildings, screaming came from an alley a couple blocks down from where I was, only take me a split second to get there.

Arriving at the alley, the victim was a young male, maybe early 20s, being beaten by two much bigger young men, maybe mid 20s.

"HELP! SOMEONE HELP ME!" The young man continued to scream and yell, but was silenced from what sounded to be a fist being pressed into his stomach.

"That'll shut ya up!" the first big man said laughing.

"Bro, check his wallet, see if he has anything." the second big man said.

"Please . . . please. . . stop." the young man begged coughing.

"Stop? Who's going to stop us, no is here. No one is going to help a little bitch like ya!" The second big man said laughing stretching out his arms gesturing to every which way.

"I'd beg to differ." I cut in, scaring the 2 men with my random presents at the opening of the alleyway.

"Who the fuck are you?" the first man yelled.

"The person who is going to help that kid, who has no match against either one of you." I said still standing at the entry of the alley.

"Oh! You're going to help this bitch?" The second man said kneeling over the young man gripping his shirt lifting him up and throwing him back down again. The second man stood up puffing out his chest in his beater shirt. Trying to make himself look bigger, "All right, bring it on grandpa!" he said walking towards me slamming his fist into his palm.

"Grandpa? Do I really look that old?" In my current appearance I look to be in my mid to early 30s. Old dirtied black boots, black pants, an old gray denim jacket, a plain gray shirt, a short trimmed beard, and mid length hair. Both still dark red as the day I was born. I guess it's the beard and the jacket that make me look old?

"You know what, I'll be the nice guy and let you take the first hit." I said smiling, slightly raising up my arms. "I won't hit back."

"HA, it's your funeral grandpa!" The man said cocking his fist back.

The man swung with as much force he could muster straight towards my face. The man stood as tall as I, instead of aiming for my stomach or

sides he goes for my face with no plan of attack. The moment his fist hit my skin, I broke into his mind.

I showed him pain, fear of the like that he had never seen. All the pain and misery he had ever caused someone to feel, who was weaker than him, smaller than him. The fear he caused to everyone, the fear of being alone, helpless, scared.

Within a matter of a second, I made sure he would never hurt anyone again, his pupils shrank, skin turned pale, and fell backwards into the fetal position, horror was clear on his face. Now to deal with his friend.

"WHAT THE FUCK YOU DO TO HIM BRO!" The second man said with his face contorted in confusion and anger. For what he saw was his friend hit me in the face and fall onto his back.

"He'll be fine." I walked over his friend cowering on the ground. "Now. Do you know why... you shouldn't pick fights with people you don't know?" I said walking slowly to the man, I turned my head slightly to the right, releasing a loud series of cracks. "Cause you never know what they are capable of." I decided to have a little fun.

My voice began to get raspy and deep, smoke bellowed from my mouth. My eyes shifted to that of a snake.

The look of fear on the man's face was priceless. The look of fear tore through him, he was shaking, but frozen with fear, he couldn't run. As my head slowly changed to what he would imagine was a monster, but little would know, of that of a dragon.

Horns sprouting out the back of my head, my ears sharpened, my tongue split, my teeth sharpened and jagged, some even sticking out of my mouth.

The man regained control of his senses, he tried to run away from me, tripping over a trash can, I shot fire from my mouth past him blocking the alley with blue flame. Walking up behind him, he slowly turned, his body shaking, around to face me, I couldn't tell if it was sweat or tears running down his face.

With my voice sounding all demonically, I said "Now, are you going to fight anyone who doesn't stand a chance to you? Are you going to hurt anyone ever again?"

He shook violently.

"Answer me!" I commanded.

He whispered with a crackly voice "N-n-no."

"Will you help the weak, small and old? And you **\*\*will\*\*** be nice to everyone you meet?"

Yet again he whispered "Y-y-yes."

"Good, now have a nice day." Turning back into a human within a second I smiled and turned. "And if you don't keep to your word." I turned my head slightly looking at him out of the corner of my sight.

"I **\*\*will\*\*** find you." The flame behind him died down as I turned back into my human form. The man quickly ran down the alley and turned the corner nearly tripping again.

The kid on the ground appeared to have passed out a while ago, to make it worth his while I picked him up and carried him over to the corner and waved for a cab. I shoved a couple thousand dollars into his pocket.

Looking into the kids mind I read and wrote his address on a piece of paper I grabbed from my pocket. Farther into his mind he was going to be fine and should wake up any moment now.

As the cab rolled up, I placed the boy in the back seat and handed the note to the driver with a \$1 hundred dollar bill for the charges.

The cab driver drove off with a big smile on his face, I probably made his night.

Now I began to walk to my house across town, I could have driven, flown, or even teleported. But it was a nice night.

As I turned a few corners my front pocket vibrated with an alert noise. My phone had a new text message.

"I have a new assignment for you. Meet me at Michael's Diner for lunch tomorrow. I'll tell you the details then."

"Ha, wow the old man's actually using texts!" I laughed quietly to myself. "I wonder who Odin wants me to go after now?"

## 2. Ready for this?

### Chapter 2

Ready for this?

A/N: Heres the Second chapter, im going to be starting college soon so my updates may be 1 or 2 updates per month, for the next few months, so just to let you know I haven't forgotten about all of you! Anyway search for 'Toothless killer', read his stories show him support. His story is great and awesome, go read them!

And as always enjoy and reviews are loved!

\* \* \*

><p>Later that same night.<p>

I walked up the stairs into my house, a nice 2 story classic looking house. A decent front yard, big backyard. On the edge of the side of town, it's a quiet neirborhood.

Pushing through my door, I was greeted by my closest friend, James.

"Meow!" James purred with joy, running in between my legs as I walked.

"Meow." I responded. James was my cat of nearly 40 years. Its quiet amazing being able to put some of your life force into others. As long as I live, he lives. Still spry and playful as ever, just like when he was a kitten.

I wish I could do for more him, let him be able to change into a human, so not to spend all his days cooped up in a cats body that should have died decades ago if it weren't for me. But because I had already used up my choices for being able to change the soul, body, and mind, but I can still give others prolonged life, but its limited to my own lifespan.

"Meow, mmmmmrrroowwww!" James jumped into my lap as I sat down in my living room pulling my laptop closer to me.

"I know your happy, and you missed me, I missed you too buddy." I smiled looking down into the hazel green eyes close with pleasure from the scratching I gave him in between his ears.

"Mrrow." \_'right there.' \_Having a bit of my soul in James allows me to hear his thoughts, and understand what he is saying/thinking.

Most would think that my life is quiet sad that the only person I talk to is a cat. But it's much more than that, like deeper than a regular relationship with a pet, but to me James isn't a pet he's my friend.

Pulling out my phone I read the text that Odin sent me again. It has been a few years since my last service for him, taking out the "Great leader" as he wanted himself called, not going much farther into that.

Going back to my computer, hitting play on my itunes, and searching for the address of the diner I was going to meet Odin at.

The song that played caught my attention, it fit the mood I was in.

Alestorm: Back through time.

The song reminded me of the few times I was a pirate, though I never pillaged or stole from the weak, or killed the weak, I will admit it was fun.

'You put your faith in Odin and Thor  
>We put ours in cannons and whores'<p>

And when I was a pirate, we never saw any vikings, pirates like to sail in warm waters, not nearly freezing.

'We came across a strange device  
>A mystic portal into another time<br>Where vikings ruled the land and sea'

And when I was a viking we never saw pirates near Burk, but we did rarely when we had to sail down south for supplies for the village.



I was born into this world as a viking, but I guess you can say that I didn't 'die' as one. I never liked the idea when I was a kid, but now it's kinda my job to kill things, who would have guessed.

'Back through time  
>To fight the viking foe<br>Back through time'

I finished up with my web browsing, closing my laptop as I stood up to walk to my room.

"Goodnight, James. I'm going to bed." I yawned scratching him on his head.

"Mrrow - Goodnight Hiccup." James purred.

Closing the door to my room, I changed cloths and collapsed onto the bed. Sleep crawled up from the deepest depths of my body taking a hold of me and dragging me into the darkness of restful sleep.

The next day.

I decided to drive to the diner instead of walk, I over slept. Luckily not too late for the meeting with Odin. Parking on the side of the road, locking up the car I began my small walk to the doors of the diner.

Pushing the door open I stood by the help desk, looking at every table searching for Odin.

Odin had many forms, young, small, big, old, female, male, but he always has the same presents. I stood quiet until I found the one I was looking for. Odin this time chose a form that fit him, or one would think of how he looked. White hair, white beard. Old and wrinkly, but still with a strong body, but he also had glasses.

"What's up old man?" I said standing by his table with a smirk.

"Old man? You young wipper-snappers don't know a thing about respect." Odin took his glasses off looking me right in the eyes with disappointment.

"Hahahaha." We both started laughing, Odin put his glasses in his shirt pocket, and took a sip from his cup, it smelled of coffee.

"All right so let's get down to business, shall we?" I said pouring myself some coffee.

"Yes, let's." Odin took another sip from his cup. "Hiccup." Odin's face was stone cold serious, "Hiccup, do you remember the woman who Astrid told you about, before her death?"

All happiness had disappeared from my face and body from remembering that moment. "Yes, how could I forget?" The memories of that night, of what I've been trying to find for the past 200 years. My face was pale as stone, if you looked at my face and said there was happiness, you would be a mad man.

"It's time."

"What do you mean 'it's time'?" I said somewhat irritated.

"I feel that you are ready." Odin never took his eyes off of mine.

"... What? What do you feel that I'm ready for this 'time'?" I asked raising an eyebrow towards Odin.

"I feel that you are ready to deal with ... 'her'." Odin sipped at his coffee.

"What! You found her! Where?! Where is she?!" I clenched my fists so I wouldn't break the table.

"Quiet down Hiccup, before you make a scene." I looked around to see if anyone was looking at me, if they were, I didn't care.

"Where is she?" I tried my best to hide my anger and angst. "Please, tell me where she is?"

"It's not where she is, it's when." Odin took another sip from his cup.

I sat up straight in my chair, my hands spread out flat on the table. "When? What do you mean when?" I asked more confused than ever.

"Listen Hiccup, I know she is somewhere in this world at this present time, but I don't know where, she has hidden herself." Odin sipped down his last bit of coffee. "At this moment in time I don't know her whereabouts, but I do know where she is at a certain place of time."

"You're not making any sense Odin." I said shaking my head, running my hand through my hair, "How do you know but not know where she is, but you know where she is at some point in time?"

"Hiccup. If you accept this mission, you're going back." Odin placed his elbows on the table with a small thud.

"Going back? Going back where? You still aren't making any sense." I said gesturing with my hands about the nonsense he was speaking.

"To Burk." Odins' expression was blank, meaning he wasn't joking.

"To Burk? But Burk was swallowed up by the sea over 600 years ago, there's nothing left of it, believe me, I've checked." I swung my hand out in some random area of the diner.

"Not to that Burk, your Burk." He pointed a finger at me.

"My Burk? You mean like when I was a kid?"

"Yes, that Burk."

\_"Wait, 'it's not where, it's when', 'at a certain place in time', 'going back', Burk." \_ Hiccups eyes widened with surprise when all the pieces fell into place. "Odin, are you sending me back in

time?"

"And there's the kicker." Odin smiled.

"Wait, your sending me back in time, back to Burk, to deal with the bitc-lady that killed my family." Hiccups eyes darted back and forth in confusion, anger, and realization. "So if you're sending me back to deal with 'her', that means she has been around for as long as I have?"

"Longer." Odin stated.

"Longer?" Hiccup questioned.

"She has been around for much longer than you have." Odin got his coffee refilled.

"So if she has been around why didn't you have me just take care of her when you first made me immortal?" Hiccup questioned again. "Why didn't you just have me deal with her then, instead of me being miserable and alone now?"

"She would have killed you within seconds. You were not ready." Odin sipped again from his freshly refilled coffee.

"But you made me immortal! I can't die!" Hiccup raised his voice a little bit.

"She was and is stronger than you think, you were not ready, you needed to learn, to become stronger, smarter, and to be pushed past your boundaries." Odin put his cup down.

"To be pushed?" Hiccup raised an eyebrow.

"To help show you your true potential. When Astrid and Toothless died in front of you, it pushed you over the edge, how much harder did you train, how much stronger have you gotten, perfecting all of your skills in every area, to become the perfect hunter, detective, tracker, everything."

Hiccup stayed silent looking through his memories, at all of the things he has done sense the death of Astrid and Toothless. I have pushed myself for the day when I would ever see her, I would be ready.

"Sigh' So if you give me the wish that everyone in the world wants, to go back to their childhood days, what would I have to do? And if I did go back, wouldn't there be two of me, the current me and the child me?" Hiccup asked.

"If you went back, you would have to use your skills to try and find 'her'. She is in or around the island of Berk, you'll have to find her on your own, look for anything out of the ordinary." Odin drank from his cup. "Yes there will be 2 of you."

"Wont there being two of me cause like . . . a rip in time and space or something like that?" Hiccup circled his hands gesturing a black hole.

"No, it won't, trust me, just don't kill anyone who wasn't meant to

die too soon. But if you feel it is right, then go ahead, but only if necessary." Odin put his spoon in his cup swirling is coffee around.

"All right, but what about the dragon queen? Will she be back?"

"Yes, she will be back."

"Hmm, and what if I take her out . . . early?" Hiccup smirked.

"It wouldn't be recommended. But if you see fit then go ahead. But keep in mind, doing anything big, you might change your present life, and how the world has turned out." Odin drank from his cup once more.

"Will I be able to take anything with me, like weapons or technology?" Hiccup pulled out his phone.

"No, no weapons or technology, only the clothes on your back." Odin gestured with his hand.

"Damn... All right, when do I have to go?" Hiccup smile went away, think about how he would live without the internet or his phone.

"Whenever you are ready, but as soon as possible would be more pleasant." Odin finished his coffee again.

Hiccup thought of going back to his childhood home, and reliving his past. "Hmph at least I get to see Astrid and Toothless again." A smile formed on his face.

"But remember, Hiccup, it's a different time, place, and world." Odin trying to show support.

Hiccups smile faded. "I know, but it will still be good to see them again." Hiccup took a deep breath. "I'm ready when you are." Hiccups face was bold, and ready for whatever may happen.

\* \* \*

><p>Another note: The song I used is real, Alestorm: Back through time. There a folk, metal, pirate band, they have good songs.<p>

### 3. I'm going

#### Chapter 3

"I'm going."

A.N: So with college an work and other stuff, I finaly got a little break to finish this. So heres Chapter 3. Enjoy and Review! =)

\* \* \*

><p>"So. . . How's this going to go?" Hiccup followed Odin walked out into an open field. Odin was walking slightly in front of

Hiccup.<p>

"What do you mean?" Odin didn't look back.

Me and Odin were walking through a field of waist high hey and grass a few miles outside of L.A. after stopping by my house to drop my guns and phone off, and to give James the news that I was going to be 'traveling'. I changed my cloths, I still had on my boots, black pants, I put on a new gray shirt and traded out my denim jacket for a custom black hooded trench coat.

The reason why we were walking in a field, I couldn't tell ya. I was just doing as Odin said, he said it would be 'easier'.

"Like are you going to up a portal? Or a door? or something like that?" I asked.

"Mmm not quite." Odin responded in a unsure tone.

"Ah, well sense we are in farmlands, are you going to have me do a 'Wizard of Oz' kind of thing, except instead of there being a witch or me in a house, I'm riding on Thors hammer. Hahaha." I laughed out loud.

"More or less." Odin had a happy tone in his voice.

"Wait, what?" I ran up closer to Odin. "You're not serious on me riding on Thor's hammer, are you?" I asked kind of worried.

Odin looked at me with a 'Really?' look. "No, you're not going to ride on Thor's hammer. But we are using that kind of power." Odin looked up to the sky.

The sky was clear, not a cloud for miles. Seaming to conjure from nowhere, the sky turned dark, thunder quietly woke from its slumber, becoming louder and louder. The wind picked up as well, gusting from every direction.

"Nice show." I said taking my sight from the sky to Odin. "So... when I get there, where will I be? Like in the middle of Berk, the woods, the ocean, miles away, across the planet?" I asked as stern as ever.

"That's the thing with time travel, even with me, you never know where you might end up, you can only aim and hope to hit the target." Odin took his sight from the sky to me.

"Awesome." no enthusiasm could be found on my face or in my voice.

"Are you ready?" Odin asked me with a slight smile on his face.

I took in a deep breath, "Yeah, I am."

"Good, now... stand over there." Odin pointed about 20ft in front of him.

I nodded, doing as Odin said I walked over to where he wanted me. The thunder got stronger and louder, lightning struck down randomly nearby burning whatever it touched. The lightning strikes got closer

and closer, now just a few feet away, the perfect timing for a important question popped into my head.

"Shit! Odin will the past you know why I'm there?!" I yelled at the top of my lungs.

"I wil..." everything went white as lighting struck me, everything was no more, just white, even the sound. I felt everything but nothing at all at the same time. I didnt get to hear what left Odin had to say, \_'I will... I will not, I will know?' Well looks like I'll just have to find out on my own. \_

\*Berk\*

Gloth was walking through the forest dragging his fresh kill through the snow back to Berk.

"This deer will feed me family fer a week!" Gloth strutted happily.

It was snowing lightly, but that could change at any moment. It was mid-winter in Berk so it was either cold, snowing, hailing, or all the above. Gloth was about a mile away from Berk, because of the winter months, hunting wildlife was a rare thing. He was thinking of how jealous everyone would be that he and his family would eat like kings for a week with his adult deer kill and of his hunting skills.

The small breeze died down instantly, no snow fell, everything was just still. The boom of thunder destroyed the silence. About a minute later another boom roared out.

"Thunder? In the winter?" Gloth stopped in place looking towards the sky. Never had he heard thunder in the snow and winter months. Thunder and lightning weather were months away. Another boom screamed out, one after another blasting out one after another faster and faster.

The sky lit up with lighting, striking trees lighting them ablaze despite the mass of snow gathered on them.

Gloth stood still in shock of what he was seeing, he had never seen lighting strike down so many times in the same area and be so violent. A few feet away in a small clearing of snow covered grass the lighting struck down in the very center, over and over in the very same spot.

Gloth knelled down by a fallen tree, his eyes wide open unsure of what he was seeing.

The brightest and loudest clash of thunder and lightning struck the ground throwing Gloth on to his back.

Regaining his senses Gloth looked past the log he hid behind, he couldn't believe his eyes, in the middle of the clearing sat a black blob. "By Odins beard..."

The ground around him burned and melted into molten rock, steaming from the snow around it. Slowly the glow from the molten rock died down. Suddenly the blob moved, slowly it stretched and took the form

of a man, in a robe of black, white skin, red hair and beard.

Gloth unsure of what to do just sat still where he was, he made sure he wouldn't be seen as he watched the man, formed by thunder and lightning, in a robe as black as night.

Gloth flinched as the man, stretched out his arms and took in a deep breath, "Ahhh, I missed this smell." the man looked, Gloth got a clear view of the man's face, he recognized his face but didn't know where or why it seemed familiar

After a few minutes the man ran into the forest with unbelievable speed. Gloth's mouth was open the whole time. Gloth waited for a few minutes to see if the man would come back, but he never did, he grabbed his kill, threw it on his shoulders and booked it to Berk, the village had to know what he saw.

\*Hiccup\*

Everything was just white, my body spun in this mass light, I felt as if I was falling, but not going anywhere. Just falling, until everything changed the light grew dark, I felt as if I was being crushed, and then, \*bamb\* I felt my feet hit solid ground.

My head spun as I knelt on the ground, waiting for my senses to come back to me. My sight was blurry, ears rang, body shaky, head was spinning. I stayed kneeling for a few minutes.

Finally when everything was good I stood and stretched out, feeling like I haven't moved in weeks. I took in a deep breath, so many familiar smells from my past, a smile formed on my face, no matter where I went to in my time, I couldn't find any smell like this. "Ahh, I missed this smell."

I looked around to get my bearings, I couldn't see anything recognizable, and everything was covered in snow. It was midday, I could barely hear the ocean off in the distance, turning to the sound of water I ran off easily dodging the trees.

Quickly I reached the cliff side, the ocean was covered in ice for miles, if I remember right the dragons raids didn't happen too often in cold weather. I continued to look around, nothing looked familiar from the ground, everything was white, "Man, it's been a long time."

"Alright let's see where I am." My wings and tail formed from mist out of my back, jumping into the air, I quickly climbed hundreds of feet into the air. I continued until I was sure that no one would see me, just in case.

"Now I definitely have my bearings now." I had a good look around, I saw my small village of Berk just as I remember it, just a few miles away from where I landed. I flew into the clouds above Berk, and gazed over every villager out doing chores.

I circled Berk a few times, until a random thought popped into my head, "the cove!"

I quickly reached the snowy cove, descending down landing on top of a rock. Memories upon memories swarmed my head, all the training I had

did, to master my abilities, to find out what I could do. "Ahh, good times." A big smile formed on my face. Walking around the cove I easily discovered that the time I was sent to was quite some time before I became dragon-y.

I decided to wait till night to travel into the village, because walking Berk like I am now wouldn't be a good idea. I would be a random person, in weird cloths, just walking around Berk, they would 'try' and kill me. "Ha like that would happen."

Out of instinct I reached for my phone that wasn't there. "God damnit!" Face palming I sat down on a nearby rock hunched over. "I have no idea how I'm going to survive without the internet. or my phone. Ha maybe I could create the internet and a computer just a few years early then it was supposed to, its only like 1450 years early. Wonder what that would do to the space time continuum." I laughed joking with myself. "This is going to be a long day."

\*Unknown\*

"Master."

"What is it, Scab?" The Master said annoyed with Scabs presents.

"Master, the one called Hiccup, he . . . he's gone." Scab said scared unsure of Masters response.

"Gone? Then find him!" Master slammed a fist on their chair arm.

"I can't. His presents is gone, not in this world." Scab said holding a glass ball.

"Not in this world? How is that possible?" Master seemed less threatening.

"I've fallowed his energy to his last known point. In the middle of a field, but then disappears into a hole." Scab rubbed his glass ball.

"A hole?"

"A hole through time. He has gone into the past." Scab raised the ball up to show Master.

"To the past..." Master brought its hands together.

"What shall we do Master?"

"We will watch him . . . for now."

\*Berk\*

"STOICK! STOICK!" Gloth ran into the center of the village still carring his kill. Out of breath, Gloth dropped his kill in front of his wife Usuala.

"What is it Gloth? Come to show your kill to us?" Stoick said walking up to Gloth who was resting his hands on his knees.



"No. . . A . . . man. . . came . . . down . . . from the sky. . . from lighting. . . from Thor himself!" Gloth said gasping for air.

"A man from the sky? From Thor?" Stoick scratched his beard. "Ahahahahahaha!" Stoick burst out laughing.

"I'm serious Stoick!" Gloth stood straight up, looking Stoick in the eyes.

Stoick stopped laughing, "You're not kidding are ya? What happened?"

"I was just walking through the forest, and it started thundering and lightening. Lighting was sticking down all around me, then huge bolts attacked the ground in the same spot, and then before I know it, there is a man in the middle of it all!" Gloth did his best to gesture with his body and hands on what he saw. "A man dressed in a weird black robe, pants, boots, and a short red beard and hair. He looked familiar, like, like..." Gloth scratched his head.

Hiccup was walking by when a crowd formed Gloth, being curious Hiccup pushed his way through ending up by his dad.

Gloth was still scratching his head when he looked up to face Stoick and saw Hiccup. "...Like, like HICCUP! But older, much older! And then he ran off faster than anything I have ever seen!"

The crowd shifted to look down at Hiccup. Hiccup began to regret this decision of seeing what was happening in the crowd.

"That impossible, it couldn't be Hiccup, he was in the blacksmith shop all day." Stoick looked down to Hiccup, "Hiccup, were you playing in the forest today?"

"Uh, u-u-uh, no..." Hiccup stuttered.

"And how fast can you run?" Stoick asked again.

Hiccup quietly answered feeling pathetic, "Not very fast."

Stoick patted Hiccup on the shoulder, "See, it couldn't be Hiccup."

"I'm saying that's who he looked like." Gloth stated.

"Gloth we'll talk about this later. I have other things to get done now, same with everyone else." Slowly the group dispersed, "Hiccup, finish your chores and get ready for the dinner feast." Stoick gave a slight shove to Hiccup.

"Ok, dad." Hiccup walked back to the blacksmith with shame and embarrassment. Hiccup sighed at his non-viking body, or mind. "I wish I was like everyone else."

\*Later\* (Future Hiccup)

It had been a few hours sence the sun had set. "That was the most boring 6 hours of my life." Hiccup got up from the rock he was

sitting on. "The moon is high, so hopefully everyone should be asleep."

Hiccup debated whether it would be better to fly or run to Berk. Hiccup looked down at his cloths, the metal buttons on his coat and pants would reflect light if he flew, and the archers in Berk are known for spotting and shooting anything that was shiny in the sky, even at night. "Looks like I'm walking."

In one leap Hiccup jumped from the bottom of the cove to the top entrance of the cove. Without missing a beat Hiccup ran to Berk, it would be a matter of seconds till he reached his 'old' house.

Reaching the outskirts of the village Hiccup then jumped from tree branch to branch until he was standing on a roof without making a sound. Crouching down on the roof nearest the blacksmith hut, Hiccup studied everyone exiting the feed hall.

All 24 of them to drunk or full of food to spot him in the pitch black night. Hiccup spotted someone who he could not miss, Stoick and Gobber. Walking along laughing about who killed the biggest dragons.

From the looks of everyone Hiccup made a guess that Odin sent him back about 2 or 3 years before he had met Toothless and made him into the person he was today. Satisfied with study, Hiccup jumped from roof to roof silently until he reached the roof of his house, listening for any movement, he heard nothing but the slow deep breathing of his young self.

Peeking through the window, he saw his young self sleeping in his bed, sound asleep. Opening the window without noise Hiccup snuck in, within seconds Hiccup stood over himself.

New questions formed in his mind. \_'Do I let myself know what I'm going to do, or do I just take over and not let myself know, I don't know how I would react.'\_ Hiccup jumped as his past self rolled over on his bed, his face now facing his future self. As future Hiccup battled with himself in his head, he came up with an answer, \_'It would be better to not let myself know.'\_

I placed my hand barley over an inch above the head of Hiccup that lay in bed. As I begun the transfer of myself into ... myself, a loud bang erupted past the bedroom door, awakening the sleeping Hiccup. His eyes flickered open, staring directly into mine. \_'Crap...'\_

#### 4. Lets get this party started

#### Chapter 4

His eyes flickered open and shut adjusting from his sleep still staring at me. But he never moved from his bed and was just calmly staring at me with my hand barely an inch above his head.

\_ 'Hahahaha' \_ Quietly laughing to myself. \_ 'It's pitch black in here, he can't see me.' \_ Slowly his eyes began to close and I got back to

what I was doing. I slowly began to fade into my past self asleep in his bed. Until the bedroom door slammed open. Quickly crouching down as past Hiccup sat up looking at towards the door.

I slid underneath the bed, not having enough time to open the window without being noticed.

Stoick came into the room staggering. He was drunk.

"Dad, what are you doing?" Hiccup said tiredly, rubbing his eyes from the sudden brightness.

"Hic- \*Hic\* -cup, I'm just make, making sure yurr still 'ere." Stoick said holding onto the door frame to keep from falling.

The smell of meed and alcohol coming from Stoick was strong enough to make a man blackout. Stoick staggered his way to the side of Hiccups bed.

"Were else would I be?" Hiccup squinted as his eyes adjusted to the sudden brightness flooding his room.

"I'm just, just making sure yurr. . . safe." Stoick struggled trying to keep his balance.

Hiccup looked awkwardly at his father. "Yeah dad, I'm safe. I was sleeping." His eyes now adjusted with the light.

"Good." Stoick continued to be uncomfortably close. Too drunk to realize how awkward his present now was.

After a few minutes of silence Hiccup lying underneath the bed became impatient. Reaching his arm over to Stoick's leg, grabbing his leg, Stoick slightly jumped as Hiccup from underneath grabbed his leg.

\_'You will say goodnight to Hiccup, you will go to sleep, and not wake up till morning, now go.'\_ Hiccup commanded Stoick, his mind so weak from drinking.

"Goodnight Hiccup, I will see you in the morning." Stoick left suddenly and closed Hiccups door softly.

"Night dad." Hiccup surprised at how suddenly clear minded Stoick seemed. Hiccup continued to stare at the door watching the light disappear from past his door. Yawning and stretching Hiccup layed back down on his bed letting his sleep take hold.

After a few more minutes Hiccup slid out from under the bed and kneeled next to his young self. \_'Lets try this again.'\_ Placing a hand inches over his sleeping self. Hiccup saw what he was dreaming about. About their mother, and the good times they had together. 'I remember this dream. Now you get to stay in that dream land for a little while longer.'

Slowly but quickly Hiccups body seemed to be evaporating into black smoke or fog and be absorbed by his younger self.

A few seconds later there was nothing left of the older Hiccup. Hiccup woke up standing straight up from his bed, "Wow, I can't

remember when I felt this short." Stretching and flexing every part of his body as much as he could, indicating that he was in full control of his young self's body. While the Hiccup from this time stayed in a dream like state for however long the older Hiccup stayed in his body.

Opening the door without a sound, and walking down stairs Hiccup decided to take a walk down memory lane, but in real life.

Opening the door to Berk, the smell of cloth and oil burning lighting the road through the village. As Hiccup walked down the looking at the house remembering all the good and bad times that haven't happened yet.

Slowly passing each house looking at all the designs and engravings done to certain parts of the houses, until stopping in front of one house in particular. Astrids.

The world faded around him, only seeing memories of him and Astrid throughout the years. The time they spent together.

\*ELSEWHERE\*

\*BOOM\* The whole house seemed to shake from every direction. I fell from my bed hitting the ground hard, my head spun. Slowly the house stopped shaking, I stood on my feet. Seeing a bright orange light shine through the slivers in my window guard, I grabbed my ax resting against my bed frame.

Thrusting the window open, I was blinded by the bright light and heat. Squinting from the light, I could see a small blob of green and brown, and off in the distance I saw what I knew was a Monstrous Nightmare charging straight towards them.

Before I could yell out, the nightmare extended its claws into the dirt and retracted its head, showing an expression of fear. Something I have never seen before. It started to whine and whimper as it slid closer to the slim green and brown blob. "Hiccup?" I whispered as my sight began to clear.

The Nightmare finally stopped, turned tail and flew off faster than I have ever seen. It was in complete fear.

I turned back to where the person was, and they were gone. "No one can move that fast!" And then again I thought "What was that?"

The house began to shake again, but not from a fire, or a dragon landing on the roof, but from a roar, a screech, a yell, I don't know but it's of the likes I have never heard before.

It felt as if it would go on forever, but stopped as quickly as it came. Looking back out the window, every single dragon was gone and flying away.

No houses were destroyed, no live stalk taken, barley even a fire. I looked around, the villagers where barley even out of their houses, they looked just as confused as I felt.

Coming down the hill came Stoick and Gobber. Then Hiccup came out

from besides of another house right behind them. I rushed downstairs, And joined the confused crowd. I spotted Hiccup, he seemed different, His vest seemed a little darker than normal. As if it was burnt.

I laughed as I thought Hiccup could make a Nightmare, cower and run in fear.

"Astrid!" Stoick said.

\*MOMENTS BEFORE WITH HICCUP\*

I was so lost in my memories I hardly even knew that I was surrounded in fire. Knocking me out of my wonderland, I looked over head and saw what tried to light me a flame. A Monstrous Nightmare landed and stared me down.

I tried to re-vaporize my guns, "Damn." I had forgotten that I don't have them. \_It's going to charge me, this is going to be funny. \_I stood where I was when he started to charge at me, until he felt my presents, my power, my league, out of fear of not being killed by a superior male dragon, me.

I heard my name be called to my left, I looked up to see Astrid, beyond the flames looking at me. She looked back at the dragon. He started to retreat mid charge, it took him a while to stop, but once he did, he fled like a scared cat.

"It's time to end this before anyone gets hurt." I ran behind Astrid's house and jumped up to a rock ledge where no one could see me. I took in a deep breath, and roared to display dominance and make the raid flee in fear of being killed.

Within seconds, the hundreds of dragon disappeared from Berk, with no trace, but a little fire. I jumped from the ledge as soon as the last dragon left, and began my walk back. My vest was burnt, but no one would notice.

I hugged the wall of Snotlout's house I think, as soon as Gobber and Stoick walked by, I turned and followed them. A confused crowd had formed in the center of town.

The crowd swarmed with questions, and no answers. Few kept their eyes to the sky's to watch for whatever made that mysterious roar.

"CALM DOWN EVERYONE!" Stoick yelled. the talking stopped. "What happened?"

"The raid came and. . . and just left, they didn't take anything."

"There was a big loud roar, I've never heard anything like it!"

"No homes were destroyed."

Stoick looked around, "Astrid!? Did you see anything?"

"I saw a Monstrous Nightmare charge at someone, stop half way though, and then flew away scared like, like. . ." Astrid shuddered trying to

find something to compare the sight of the Nightmare, fleeing in fear. "Like a dog with its tail between its legs."

Stoick couldn't believe what he was hearing, never in his life had he heard of a Nightmare fleeing in fear, without being, hit or running out of flame. He scratched his beard, when he saw Hiccup out from the corner of his eye.

"Hiccup! Are you alright?!" Stoick asked.

"Huh? Oh yeah, I'm fine." I responded not paying attention to what he was saying. I couldn't keep sight of Astrid through the crowd.

"You didn't destroy anything did you?" Stoick asked again.

"No, no I didn't, Stoi-Dad." I corrected myself. Stoick gave me a weird look, and then brought his attention back onto the crowd.

"Everyone go back to your homes, but keep an eye and ear open for whatever scared away the dragons, but for now and only once, I thank it." Stoick received nods.

"You're welcome." I said underneath my breath.

Stoick turned towards me, "Hmm?"

"Nothing." I responded.

As the crowd dispersed the sun was starting to come up from the sea, only a few people went back to their houses, most started on their morning chores.

I saw Astrid go back into her house. I stood there for a minute or so to see if she would come out again, but never did. I huffed, I had to start doing other more important things, like getting protection again. \_But where? \_

I stood where I was for a while until I saw Gobber walking to the blacksmith shack. I smiled "Thats it!"

I ran over to Gobber. "Hey Gobber." I scared him, from how silently I ran.

"HOLY SHI-FFFFUU!" Gobber covered his heart. "By Odins beard, don't scare mah like that!"

"Sorry Gobber." I waited until Gobber caught his breath. "Let's get to work."

"Well yurr egger today? Well lets get yurr started." Gobber opened the door to the shack. He changed his hand into a tweezers like grip. "We got lots to do." He pointed to a pile of swards and axes.

I nodded, I grabbed a blunt sward and sat in front of the grinding wheel.

"Umm, Hiccup, are ya feeling alright?" Gobber had a eyebrow lifted towards me.

"Yeah, why?" I asked.

"Yurr not wearing yurr apron." Gobber pointed to it hanging on the wall.

"Ah, I-I-I-I dont feel like wearing it today." I said, remembering that I haven't worn an apron in about 800 years.

"Oh, well alrighty then." Gobber shrugged his shoulders and continued with what he was doing.

In less than an hour's time the 3 foot pile of axes and swords was no more. I sat up and remembered that Gobber had a weird chunk of metal that no matter what we couldn't melt or mold. I believe he should have it still, I bet I could make something from it. "Hey Gobber?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you have any of that special metal left?" I asked. Gobber turned, looking a little confused.

"Yeah. . . I still got it." Gobber now standing in front of me.

"Cool, can I have it?" I asked again.

"Why do you want it? It's harder than anything I 'ave, no matter how hot I make it, I can't put a dent in it." Gobber grabbed the bumpy black rock from under a shelf. It was bigger than his hands and looked incredibly heavy. "Here, have it. It's heavy tho."

Gobber dropped it in my hands, I had to act like it was heavy and like I was straining. "Thanks Gobber."

"Yurr welcome lad. What are ya going to do with it?" Gobber asked.

"Dont know, probably think of ways to melt it."

"Heh, good luck lad." Gobber said continuing his work.

Walking into my studio, I placed the chunk of metal silently on the table. The table creaked. I stared closely at it and realized it was a meteor, I felt it, even after being hammered, it was smooth, "Titanium, in the purest state!" I quietly said to myself.

"This will be perfect." I proceeded to melt scrap steel and make two flat pieces of metal with raised edges to make a mold. While the metal was still hot I used my years of experience to craft negative shapes of every piece for a Colt 1911 pistol. \_Odin never said I couldn't make my guns in this time. Hahaha.\_

After a few hours of carving every individual part for the gun, I filtered out dirt till it was a fine dust then mixed in some water making a very fine shape holding mud. Compacting the dirt in between the two metal plates with a stick in between them to pour the metal in. Squeezing the plates together making the molds now one and solid as a rock with positive molds on the inside.

It was about mid day now, Gobber had gone home for lunch, so didn't leave me much time. I closed the front shop window, locking it with every door.

I put the chunk of titanium on top of the furnace. What I had to do next was risky, for me to heat the kiln up high enough to melt the titanium I would have to exit part of my body out of my past's body. I had to breathe my own flame into the kiln. My younger body couldn't stand that kind of heat coming out of it, I would kill myself and never exist.

Putting my hand on my chest I pressed, hard.

A black mist seemed to hover and form from the young Hiccups chest, his eyes closed and body as solid as a rock, slowly the mist condensed to form the shape of the older Hiccups head and shoulders.

Taking in a deep breath, the foggy head shot a reddish blue flame from his mouth into the entrance of the furnace instantly glowing white hot.

The titanium lump quickly began to melt into a white hot liquid. After a few seconds the lump of metal was now a puddle of white hot liquid. Hiccup let go of himself, the fog returned to Hiccup, his eyes opened. His body began to move again, quickly Hiccup grabbed the bowl of liquid metal with thick layers of cloth and poured the liquid into his custom made mold.

"Now we wait." Hiccup waited patiently and hid the cooling mold so Gobber wouldn't find it.

After a few hours the molds were now solid and cold. Hiccup cracked open the mold, cutting out every part, he spent about another hour cleaning, smoothing, and polishing his master piece. Looking over his gun Gobber burst in the shop. Hiccup reacted by trying to shove the gun into his pocket. Gobber saw his swift movement slightly.

"What's that yurr hiddin'." Gobber pointed to Hiccups hand.

"Nothing." Hiccup reacted as normally as he could.

"I know when yurr lie'en Hiccup." Gobber smiled.

"Alright you got me. It's another one of my inventions that'll never work and just cause havoc making every ones lives miserable." Hiccup said as if he knew what Gobber was going to say.

"Now Hiccup yurr inventio-uh-uh." Gobber stopped mid-sentence because that was what he was going to say. "Uh... Yeah." Gobber raised his good hand slightly in agreement.

Gobber stood where he was shocked and trying to figure out how Hiccup said what he said. "I got to go Gobber, I'll see you later." Hiccup walked by Gobber still lost in thought.

Hiccup walked past the tree line until he was out of sight of the village, and booked it to the cove. Anxious and excited to test his new toy, in seconds he was there, jumping right in and landing



without missing a beat.

Hiccup placed the gun in his hands. "Let's get this loaded." Hiccup took a deep breath and closing his eyes. He placed his other hand over the gun. Exhaling slowly a blue light escaped past his fingers. Opening his eyes and moving his hand Hiccup saw the blue light running up and down the entire gun in little lines engraving it in magnificent patterns.

Hiccup gripped the gun in his right hand at his side. straining his arm out straight parallel to the ground, he took aim on a really big rock, and if he remembered right it was the first rock he punched and broke.

Hiccup smiled. \*BANG!\*

## 5. Revelation

### Chapter 5

#### revelation

The echo shooting out from the barrel of Hiccup's gun bounced from wall to wall and out of the cove causing birds to flee from every tree over a mile in every direction. Off in the distance Hiccup's keen hearing picked up screams and yells coming from Berk getting ready for a battle.

Hiccup took his sight from the tree tops back to the rock he shot at.

Nothing. Nothing was there, until moments later it started raining little bits of rock and dust. The sound of splashing water quietly echoed off the walls.

Hiccup smiled, running his hand through his hair to get rid of the rocks and dust that rained down upon him.

"Good, I think that's enough practice, shooting off another round would probably give Berk a heart attack. Hahaha." Hiccup said. Hiccup's gun still in his hand began to disappear into his skin or what it seemed like it was. The gun was stored in Hiccup's soul, meaning when Hiccup needs it he always has it, and he is the only one who can fire it. If he loses it in a fight and falls somewhere out of sight, it can transport right into Hiccup's hand at any point he wishes.

Hiccup looked at his hand and saw nothing but his hand. Again Hiccup smiled, stretching out his arm in a quick swift movement the gun seemed to form from his wrist and form in his hand. Just as fast as it came, it disappeared into his wrist again.

Hiccup turned to face where Berk was and started to walk. In an instant he jumped 40ft up in the air like nothing landing on the cliff edge without a sound. He began his track back to Berk, in no hurry he took his time.

On his walk back memories came back of when he was still living in Berk, how him and Astrid used to walk down this path after he became

the dragon the gods had made him. He thought back to when he was walking with her and asked her if she wanted to become like him, an immortal dragon.

\*MEMORY LANE\*

Hiccup was nervous, he battled with himself on how he should ask her. 'Hay Astrid, do you want to be like me?!' 'No, I sound too eager.' Over and over Hiccup thought of ways he could ask her that didn't sound like he was pushing this choice over her and not letting her choose on her own. While he thought, Hiccup hadn't noticed he was staring at Astrid making her feel slightly uncomfortable.

"Uhh Hiccup?" Astrid said waving her hand in front of Hiccup's face. "Are you ok?"

"Huh?" Hiccup snapped back into reality. "Uh yeah, yeah I'm fine! I was just thinking."

"Oh what were you thinking about?" Astrid raised an eyebrow.

"I was. . . I was thinking of how to ask you something?" Hiccup scratched his head.

Astrid stopped grabbing Hiccup's sleeve making him stop and face her. "What did you want to ask me?" She looked into Hiccup's eyes with all seriousness.

Hiccup took a breath in and out slowly, "I'm going to ask you . . . to um. . . if you want. . . to. . ." Hiccup stuttered.

Astrid became impatient quickly, "Come on spit it out!"

"If you want to be like me!" Hiccup nearly yelled but was able to keep himself quiet.

"Oh." Astrid went wide eyed and quiet.

"You . . . you don't have to if you don't want to, or have to choose now." Hiccup lowered his head and feeling ashamed for asking, he didn't know why.

A few minutes of silence went by, Hiccup still didn't raise his head.

"Yes."

"Uhh, What!?" Hiccup raised his head in complete surprise. "You will?"

Astrid smiled "Yes I will."

Hiccup smiled and hugged Astrid tightly, then stopped hugging to face her. "But remember this, it will be the most painful thing you will ever have to endure. You . . . you might not make it through the changes." Hiccup lowered his head trying not to show his sadness of that thought.

Astrid placed her hand under Hiccup's chin to lift his head up. "I will be fine, I'll be just fine, I'm Astrid, remember?"

"Heh yeah, you'll be fine." Hiccup embraced Astrid in another hug. The smile on Hiccups face faded away. 'I sure hope so.'

\*Hiccup\*

Hiccup found himself walking out of the forest by the arena. The sun had gone down on his walk from the cove back to Berk. The walkway around the arena was lighten up every other 20ft, but left the arena itself pitch black.

Hiccup walked over the holding cages for the dragons, he heard them talking of freedom, the queen, and how the humans should die for what they have done to them.

Hiccup recognized the voices from the dragons, he heard Nightmare, the Monstrous nightmare, Aesir the Deadly Nadder talking with the Gronkle. Hiccup smiled hiding his presents of power to not scare the other dragons, he looked around himself to check to see if anyone was by him, he didn't see anyone. Without a moment's thought Hiccup jumped over the ledge falling 20ft to the arena floor. The talking from the cages stopped.

'Today is your lucky day, Aesir and Nighmare.' Hiccup said walking over to the leaver to open the cages.

"You know of us?" Nightmare asked out. "You do not sound or feel of that of a dragon?"

"I'm am but am not a dragon." Hiccup said pushing down the first leaver to open Nightmare's door.

"Then what are you?" Nightmare said through the slowly opening door.

"I'm a friend." Hiccup stood in front of the door with a smile on his face.

Nightmare was unsure on how to go about the human who was able to talk to him, understand him, open his cage, and not have the aurora of that of a normal human or dragon. He slowly came out of his cage. "What is the meaning of this?"

"I'm setting you and the other free." Hiccup gestured to the door.

"Why?" Nightmare asked confused.

"Because I can, and want you to be free." Hiccup responded.

"Wont your people kill you for such an act? And they will just capture more of our kind so as long as the queen lives." The Nightmare stated.

"Don't worry, the people here won't know and the 'queen' won't be a problem soon." Hiccup reassured him.

"Why do you do this and how will the queen not be a problem 'soon'?" The Nightmare asked.

"Just trust me." Hiccup gave a reassuring smile, "and because in other time we are friends, and you don't deserve to live in a cage." Hiccup said walking up to Nightmare and putting a hand on his nose. "Tell the others, you are all free tonight, but don't go back to the nest, go where ever you please but there . . . for now anyway." The Nightmare nodded his head.

After a few minutes of explanation to the other dragons, Hiccup opened their doors. The other dragons slowly made their way into the arena unsure of their supposed newfound freedom.

Aesir stopped barely a foot outside her door looking quite angry. "I appreciate your efforts, but I'm not going anywhere, I have unfinished business to take care of." Aesir began to turn back to face her cage.

"Killing Stoick won't avenge your family, it'll just get yourself killed before you lay a claw on him." Hiccup said closing the door to Nightmares cage.

Aesir stopped mid-step. "What?!" She turned to face Hiccup. "How do you know that? How do you know about my reason?!" The tone in her voice was clearly anger and confusion.

Hiccup walked over to face Aesir, her pupils were thin little slits. Hiccup showed no fear towards her anger or size difference, it scared Aesir a little bit, but also made her angrier. "It's a long story." Hiccup gave a soft smile. Reaching out his hand slowly to not alert the nadder, he placed his hand in front of her nose. "This will explain things."

"What?!" Aesir tried to back away but Hiccup moved in placing his hands on her nose. Her eyes went wide, body relaxed.

Aesir found herself standing in a grass plane surrounded by taller grass. She looked around and saw a big black dragon covered in jagged horns and spikes, but made no feeling of harm. She walked closer to this mysterious black dragon. The unknown dragon was covered in scars and missing scales, his age showed, he'd seen hundreds of thousands of battles. But his soul was still kind.

The dragon looked up making Aesir flinch.

"Humans. . ." The dragon spoke. "Humans are a strong but stupid race. Only a few can see beyond the wall that divides us."

Aesir stopped just a few feet away from the dragon.

"The many that can't see beyond that wall have no capability for the ability for compassion without a major happening in their life to show them the errors of their ways." The dragon moved its head to the left, from the tall grass walked three vikings, the ones that killed her family. "What do you do with the ones that have wronged you?"

Aesir looked angrily at the vikings, knowing they weren't real still made her mad. "You kill them, and it teaches the rest of them a lesson." Aesir looked back at the dragon.

"No. They learn a lesson, but not the one you think. They learn fear, for all dragons, they kill what they fear. If you kill them more will come and nothing will be better."

Aesir looked back towards the vikings, the ones she wants to claim revenge on disappeared and in their place 5 more vikings and behind them more came.

"You, need to learn." The dragon spoke, causing the nadder to look back at him with confusion and sadness.

"What?" Aesir cocker head to the side. "What do I need to learn?"

"To forgive." The dragons old red faded eyes met the nadders bright greenish blue eyes. "To forgive the humans for the idiocies they cause, for the damage they don't know they cause." The dragons eyes once again looked back to vikings with Aesirs following. "To face them, not attack them, and apologize and forgive them for what they have done." The three original vikings faded back into sight in front of the other vikings, she watch as slowly the vikings behind them disappeared. One by one, until one viking remained, Stoick.

Aesir looked back at the dragon, who nudged his head for her to look back at Stoick. Aesir walked until she could see the whites of his eyes. She was angry, sad, and breathing heavily. She took a deep breath in, lowered her head and spoke, "I forgive you, and for all that you have done."

Raising her head the expression on the humans was a smile, he nodded, and as with the other vikings he faded away as well. Aesir looked back to the old dragon who looked happy.

"Once you learn forgiveness, others you show will learn as well. The lessons will spread slowly but will leave a bigger mark than fear would."

Aesir felt at peace, something she had not felt in some time. "Thank you." She nodded her head, the black dragon nodded as well.

Around her the grass plane and the old dragon faded away into nothingness.

Aesir awoke as Hiccup removed his hand from atop her nose. She was still in the arena with the other dragons, it seemed that hardly even a second had gone by.

Below her Hiccup smiled, Aesir let out a purr and rubbed up against him, "Thank you."

Hiccup smiled and hugged her back. "You're welcome."

6. That's a challenge?

Thats a challenge?

Chapter 6

A.N.: Whats up? I thank you all for being patient with me. I haven't

had a whole lot of time with work and college taking up pretty much all of my time. But I haven't forgotten about this story, and your cries for updates have not gone unheard. I'll try to update more but I can't make any guarenties on that, but I will update. So here ya go, Ch 6. Review and Enjoy :)

P.S.: Go show your support for these Authors!

spike tashy: His stories are awesome and well thought out, beyond anything I can come up with. He's been getting a lot of hate mail and spam from assshates who cant comprehend an amazing story like his. So go read his stories and show him the support he needs! He has stories from "How to train your dragon" to "Mass effect" and a hole lot more!

Toothless killer: He's an amazing writer, filled with plently of awesome creative ideas, he helped me create ideas and plots for my story here. So go show him some support as well, Human "My little ponies" with graffic violence and romantics too. and Human "Ice Age" with awesome action parts and more romantics.

\* \* \*

><p>Nightmare and the Gronkle looked back and forth from Aesir to Hiccup confused as to what just happened. Aesirs energy seemed to just instantly change from anger to clam and happy as Hiccup touched her.<p>

Aesirs and Hiccups embrace broke as Hiccup took a step towards them. They took a step back still unsure of what Hiccup did.

"Uhh . . . what did you do to her?" Nightmare asked.

"Yea what did you do to her?" the Gronkle asked as well.

Hiccup smiled, "I helped her, that's all." Hiccup continued his walk to the arena gate. Walking in between Nightmare and the Gronkle.

"But..." Nightmare was about to ask Hiccup more questions until Hiccup put his hands on him and the Gronkle and his wanting for answers disappeared. He didn't know what to think, but he felt as if everything was ok.

"Now, lets get you out of here." Hiccup said effortlessly opening the gate with one hand. "Keep flying to the east until the sun rises. Then you are free to do what you want until the queen's power is gone, and then you can come back to the nest."

The dragons calmly walked to the gate, "How will we know if the queens power over us is gone if we're not in her control?" Aesir asked.

Hiccup gave a half smile of reassurance, "You'll know. Now leave before someone finds you out of your cages and kills you on the spot."

The dragons nodded their heads in thanks and farewell to their new savior. They flew away from Berk and the nest with speed, in the black of night no one can see them.

Hiccup turned and closed all the cage doors. Then closing the main gate making it look like it was undisturbed and nothing was missing. No one would check the cages for about a week or so.

Hiccup began his walk back to Berk. Hiccup yawned his body craving for sleep. \_'Sigh, such a young body, I'm not used to a body that's wanting sleep.' \_"Hahaha." Hiccup laughed to himself rubbing his eyes.

Hiccups laughing stopped immediately as the feeling of being fallowed and watched came from everywhere. Hiccup spun around to locate who was there, but saw nothing. "Who's there?!" unsurprisingly nothing responded, but the feeling never left. Nothing moved but the leaves on the ground being blown from the wind.

Spinning around Hiccup still couldn't pin point where the presents was coming from. Suddenly a big gust of wind blew through the street taking the leaves and the feeling of being watched with it.

Everything was calm no wind, no feeling of being watched or fallowed as well. Hiccup didn't move for a few minutes in case if something was going to jump out at him. But nothing did.

"That was weird." Hiccup relaxed. "I don't remember that ever happening." Hiccup walked slowly to his house keeping a watchful out for anything out of the ordinary.

Hiccup reached the top of the hill to his house, the moon was right over him, meaning it was about midnightish. Opening the door quietly, the fire was small and dim about ready to go out.

Quietly Hiccup walked up the stairs to his room. Under him his legs gave out as he reached the bed. \_'This body isn't used to the abuses I pushed it through today.' \_"I'll take care of it tomorrow." Hiccups body drifted into a deep sleep, Hiccups mind didn't see a point in pushing the will of his body anymore, until tomorrow anyway.

"Hiccup. . . Hiccup . . . Hiccup. . . it's your fault I died. "

"No. . . I . . . I di. . ."

"You killed me."

"I didn't."

"You enjoyed killing me. Didn't you!?"

"I didn't want to..."

"You'd kill me again if you got the chance!"

"Noo. . ."

"You were too pathetic and weak to protect me."

"I tried. . ."

"Liar, you wanted me dead!"

"No you were my everything."

"Our lives together were meaningless!"

"They wern't..."

"You praised the day I died!"

"No."

"You did!"

"No!"

"You DID!"

"NO I DIDN'T! I'm sorry I couldn't save you, I've regretted it ever since that day!"

"I'm coming for you Hiccup."

"What?!"

"I'm coming. . ."

"WHO ARE YOU!?"

"HahahahaHAHAHAHA"

"WHO ARE YOU?!"

"THE DEATH OF THIS WORLD!"

Hiccup sat straight up in his bed sweating and breathing heavily. Looking around his room for any intruder, his gun pointed at his wall. He swung it around the room to shoot anyone that stood in his room, the only thing that entered his room was light from the sun.

"The fuck was that?" Hiccup got his breathing under control and put his gun away.

"Hiccup! It's time te' get up. I have a surprise for ya." Stoick yelled from down stairs.

Hiccup ran his hand through his hair, and wiped away the sweat from his forehead. "Coming!" Hiccup yelled down to Stoick.

Walking down stairs Hiccup met Stoick standing in front of the door to the house, his hands behind his back.

"Yeah Dad?" Hiccup asked finding it awkward to someone dad after nearly 1400 years.

"I have ah surprise for ya!" Stoick was red in his cheeks, he was excited. He presented what he was holding behind his back. "Here!" Stoick couldn't hide his smile. He held an axe in his hands.



"An axe!?" I smiled excepting his gift.

"Not just any axe lad! That was me axe from when I was yur age!" Stoick bragged with honor.

"Wow, thanks dad!" I showed appreciation and respect for his gift.

Stoick looked concerned at me. "Are ya feeling alright, Hiccup?"

"Yeah, why?" I asked back.

"Just wondering." Stoick shrugged his shoulders.

"Ok." \_'Fuuck. . . I remember this gift now, I first didn't give much appreciation for it and didn't care for it, and I could hardly lift it. I'm holding it with one hand now, and doing a very Viking thing for it.'\_

"Well I got to go do me duties, and Gobber says ya got te' day off today fer' yesterday." Stoick raised his hand walking out the door.

I swung the old chipped axe around like a paper weight. "Such old technology." Hiccup walked upstairs and put the axe on his bed. "Maybe I'll find a use for it."

Walking out of his house Hiccup came face to face with Snotlout, Ruffnut and Tuffnut. Ruff and Tuff were giggling about something.

"Sup?"

"What?" Snotlout said confused at what Hiccup said.

\_'Right, can't use 21st century slang with viking times.'\_

"Whatever I challenge you to a fight to see who is a better viking." Snotlout flexing and kissing his biceps.

\_'I remember this, Snotlout yearly challenged me to fight him for the right of who gets to be next chief. He won every time but still couldn't fight for right of chiefdom until the age of 18. It became a kind of hobby that raised his self-confidence and power over other teens of the village. Every year I refused but still ended up having to fight and losing, he wouldn't let it down for weeks. But not this time.'\_

"I accept." I said putting on a slight smile and raising my chin.

Snotlout went from all happy and arrogant to being baffled at me accepting his challenge for the first time. For a few seconds Snotlout, Ruffnut, Tuffnut couldn't say anything out of shock, finally Snotlout spoke, "Fine, the arena at high sun!" Snotlout turned to walk away.

"Why not right here, right now?" I raised my arms gesturing the current area be the battle ground. \_'I really should be going down

the same path as I did the first time and being afraid of everything that moved, but this is an old, long time grudge.'\_

Awestruck Snotlout finally said "Fine, lets do it!"

I smiled \_'This is going to be fun.'\_

Snotlout came running at me with his right fist raised above his head. He swung down his massive arm at my face, I placed my left hand on his down swinging fist moving it away from me and slapped him in on his face with my free right hand and moved out of his way.

He turned and came back at me swinging one fist after another towards me, I kept moving out of the way and every other swing of his fists I got in close and slapped his face again and again. Making him madder and madder after each hit.

"AAHHH!" Snotlout yelled in anger.

Being done with the slap fighting, \_I think it's time I introduced him to Bruce Lee. \_Snotlout shot at me again creating an opening on his right side, I made 3 quick but light jabs to his ribs.

Holding his sides I made 4 quick jabs on his chest. "WOOP WOOP WOOP WOOP WOOP!" I said hitting him. Knocking him off balance but still staying on his feet holding his side and chest.

He came at me again once he caught his breath, right has he swung his left I moved closer to him spinning and coming with a backhand to his face sending him to the ground. "WHAATAA!" my hand and arm shaking.

Fishlegs came up behind Ruff and Tuff joining them with his jaw dropping in how Hiccup was fighting.

"Why is he making all those noises?" Tuffnut asked to no one in particular.

"I don't know but it's awesome." Ruffnut said all dreamy eyed. She out of nowhere slapped her herself over the thoughts she just had for Hiccup. Now a discussed look took over her face.

Snotlout got off the ground taking more of a boxer defensive stance covering his face and chest with his forearms.

\_ 'Time for some CQC' \_ Snotlout inched his way closer to Hiccup. Hiccup took a step closer with his arms in a kung-fu like stance but his arms closer to his chest.

Snotlout growling, shot his fist to Hiccups chest, Hiccup pushed his fist out of the way, and kicked the back of Snotlouts knee with his ankle.

While Snotlout was falling to his knees, his defense broke. Hiccup to his chance and hit Snotlouts shoulders and chest.

Snotlout began to fall back but came back with a heavy hit towards Hiccup but yet again was pushed away. Hiccup grabbed his wrist and pulled Snotlout up on his feet and spun around to put Snotlout in a head lock.

"Ugh . . . Ugh . . . UghUgh. . . "Snotlout gasped for air every time Hiccup squeezed against Snotlouts throat. Hiccup released Snotlout, he staggered a few feet away. Amazingly he was still standing but was having trouble trying to keep upright.

"Heh!" Hiccup smiled as a saying went through his mind. \_'FINISH HIM!'\_ Hiccup put his hands around what looked like an invisible ball to Ruff, Tuff, and Fishlegs. He brought his hands to his right hip and squatted down a little bit. Hiccup took a few steps closer to Snotlout and shoved the invisible ball into Snotlouts stomach hitting him with both of his palms yelling "HADOUKEN!"

Snotlout fell to the ground a few feet away, motionless, but still breathing.

Hiccup stood up straight, and slowly turned his head to look at their little audience with jaws to the ground. A smile slowly grew on Hiccups face. "Sooo. . . Who's next?"

End  
file.